

THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. II.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

NO. 15.

THE ENTERPRISE.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY
C. B. WOODWARD,
At two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

NO VARIATION FROM THESE PRICES.
One inch, or less, one insertion, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, 50
1 inch per annum, 10.00
2 inches per annum, 16.00
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1/2 column 6 months, 14.00
1/2 column 1 year, 24.00
1/2 column 3 months, 14.00
1/2 column 6 months, 24.00
1/2 column 1 year, 39.00
1 column 3 months, 24.00
1 column 6 months, 39.00
1 column 1 year, 74.00
Announcing candidates, for county offices, \$5.00
" " State offices, 10.00
Marriage Notices, 1.00
Obituaries, of more than 10 lines, 1.00
No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.
Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.
Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.
Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.
Necessity compels us to adhere strictly to the CASH SYSTEM, and payment will be required in ADVANCE, or DELIVERY, for all Job Work or advertising.

W. B. STALEY, T. E. H. M'GROSKY,
Kingston, Tenn. Madisonville, Tenn.
STALEY & M'GROSKY,
Attorneys and Solicitors,
Madisonville, Tenn.
WILL PRACTICE IN ROANE, MONROE, and the adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of all claims, and the prosecution of suits either in Circuit or Chancery Court. Dec. 2-13*

ATKIN HOUSE,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
P. H. TOOMEY, PROP'R.
SITUATED WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT. A new and elegant First Class Hotel, well furnished, and having every comfort and convenience.
SUFFICIENT TIME FOR
Passengers on the Train East & West to get Dinner. oct7-17

Planters' Hotel,
TWENTY STEPS FROM THE RAILROAD,
CLEVELAND, TENN.,
A FIRST CLASS HOUSE.
Tables furnished with the best the Market affords.
R. K. MARSH, PROP'R.
H. C. SAWTELL, Late with G. L. Anderson & Co
J. A. FURBERSON, Late with Lloyd, Vaughn & Co.
SAWTELL & PERKERSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Opposite Dodd's Corner,
Whitcomb Street, ATLANTA, GA

JOHN W. HOPE, F. MILLER,
HOPE & MILLER,
(Successors to Smith & Lyons.)
Watchmakers and Jewelers
DEALERS IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware,
Manufacturers of Sterling Silver Spoons.
GAY STREET, NEXT DOOR TO 1st National Bank.
Knoxville, Tennessee.
All work done by Experienced Workmen and Warranted. June 24-13*

R. M. Bearden,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALER,
AND
Commission Merchant,
GAY STREET
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Country Produce Bought and Sold on Commission. oct21-13

LAMAR HOUSE,
Knoxville, Tennessee.
J. C. FLANDERS, Lessee.
THIS House has been repainted and papered. The Beds are Good. Business men will consult their own interests by bearing in mind that this house is located
IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE,
which gives them advantages that no other house affords. Omnibuses at the Depot.
Terms for Tennessee guests as liberal as any other house. oct14-14

NEEDHAM
CHURCH, School and Parlor Organs and Melodions of every description, at reduced prices. Send for a copy of the last edition of the "Silver Tongue," which will be mailed free to any address upon application to the oldest manufacturers of Read Organs and Melodions in America. E. P. NEEDHAM & SON, 143, 145 & 147 East 23d St., New York.
S. BISSINGER,
MERCHANT TAYLOR,
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
No. 98 Corner Gay and Clinch Sts.,
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS.

T. C. BROWN, Formerly of Mill Springs, Ky.
LAMB, BROWN & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
Columbus, Georgia.
HEAVY ADVANCES MADE ON LARGE Quantities of Produce. Consignments solicited. dec9-3m*

SWEETWATER HOTEL.
(Known as the J. C. Vaughn House.)
CHARLES H. BEAN, Prop'r.
SITUATED IN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT.
NO PAINS WILL BE SPARED TO RENDER Guests comfortable in every respect.
Baggage conveyed to and from the Depot, free of charge. Persons from this and surrounding counties can have their horses well cared for. Prices moderate. dec21*

NICHOLS & PARSLEY
ARR BELLING
Groceries and Provisions,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,
STATIONERY AND CONFECTIONERIES,
Dyestuffs, Factory Thread,
Heavy Domestic, Salt and Nails.
We design keeping a first-class Grocery and Provision Store, and will pay cash or goods for whatever we buy in the Produce line. You will find us at the Post Office, "East Broad street, Sweetwater, Tenn. NICHOLS & PARSLEY. apr. 29-14

H. L. FRY,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
ALL KINDS OF
Family Groceries,
CONFECTIONERIES, & C
ALSO,
Seth Thomas' Clocks.
HE IS ALSO prepared to repair Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, on the most reasonable terms. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. march 11, 1869H.

CALVIN M'GORKLE, JUDGE GEO. BROWN.
EAST TENNESSEE
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT
AND
Mill Furnishing Depot.
MCCORKLE & BROWN,
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in
AGRICULTURAL
—AND—
LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENT
FERTILIZERS, &c.,
INCLUDING

Mowers, Reapers,
Threshers, Separators,
Horse-Powers,
STEEL TOOTH WHEEL HORSE RAKE,
Cider and Wine Mills.
GRAIN DRILLS, STRAW CUTTERS,
Corn Shellers, Wheat Fans
SMUT AND COCKLE MACHINES.
Improved Steel and Cast Plows.
CASTINGS.
DOUBLE SHOVELS, SULKY PLOWS.
WASHING MACHINES.
ZERO REFRIGERATORS,
ALSO,
Garden and Farming Hardware.

We are Agents for the State for
WHANN'S CELEBRATED
Raw-Bone Super-Phosphate,
The Great Fertilizer for all Crops.
(STANDARD GUARANTEED.)
To all of which we invite the Farmers of East Tennessee to come and Examine at our
Sample Warehouse,
GAY STREET,
Knoxville, Tennessee.
Near East Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.
We respectfully solicit orders for all articles in our line which we will endeavor to fill to the satisfaction of those patronizing us.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. April 13.

Barrett & Caswell,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
248 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.
Special attention given to the Sale of Produce, Bonds, Stocks, &c.
Merchandise & Cotton Purchased.
Thos. G. Barrett, Late of Barrett, Carter & Co.
Theo. D. Caswell, Late Baker & Caswell.
June 3-13.

OUR WEEKLY STORY. IN DANGER.

The day died out in a gorgeous sunset, and the cold, clear light of the full moon, just lifting its round disc above the sea, fell in a perfect flood of molten silver over the waves. Gay loungers from the great hotel still lingered upon the shore. Picturesque they looked, too, so they were here and there among the rocks.

A pretty picture Belle Burton made, her golden hair and delicate features relieved by the dark rock against which she leaned her dainty head; at last, so thought Stephen Leroy, who sat at her feet, gazing entranced into her fair face.

Near them stood two ladies, surrounded by a galaxy of admirers. Mrs. Hall, a piquant little widow, her fresh, saucy face utterly belying the somberness of her airy black dress; and May Melton, a splendid brunette, with a magnificent figure, flashing dark eyes, and classic features. May was listening gracefully, and replying with ready wit to the lively chit-chat of her party; but evidently her heart was elsewhere, for every now and then her gaze wandered to the happy pair sitting in the shadow of the great rock, oblivious of all save each other. Her face darkened, and an angry flush rose to her cheeks as a rippling laugh from Belle or the half-audible murmur of her companion's voice reached her ear. May was jealous, and her passionate heart beat wildly, as she stood thus tamely by, and saw her rival coolly taking possession of the heart which she so coveted.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Hall, pensively, "I think one looks rather different in the moonlight than in the broad glare of sunlight. Somehow it intensifies the spiritual expressions of the face, and traitorously exposes the hidden character of the soul."

"How sentimental!" exclaimed May. "Look at Miss Burton, now," pursued Mrs. Hall; "see how the clear light and dark shadows bring out the delicate outlines of her features, intensify the intellectual expression of her brow, and show strength of will as well as tenderness in the curving lines of the mouth."

"Oh, Miss Burton is flirting!" said May, with a sneer; "and that accounts for the extra complement of loveliness she possesses this evening. Flirting is, I think, a greater beautifier than moonlight!"

"Yes, my dear it is no doubt," said Mrs. Hall, shrewdly guessing the cause of her uncharitableness. "And," she continued, a little maliciously, "if you, now, were in her place, listening to soft nothings from the gallant Mr. Leroy, your face would tone down and grow more spiritual looking under the witching spell of love and moonlight!"

Belle darted an angry look out of her coal-black eyes at the unimpressible little widow.

"Miss Melton could not look more lovely than at present," drawled an exquisite, in languishing tones.

But to May the days were one long fever of bitter anguish and sickening despair. She was possessed of a fiery, passionate nature. The hot blood that coursed through her veins could not tamely submit to opposition, and her unrequited love burned in her bosom like a consuming fire. It was daily, hourly agony to her to see Belle basking in the full radiance of the love which she so hungered for; and as her ever watchful eyes detected the sweet telegraph of love between them—the stolen glances, the mute but eloquent pressure of the hand, the whispered caress—her love for Stephen grew more intense, and her hatred for Belle waxed more fierce and deadly.

The next day broke clear and cloudless; and early in the morning May and Belle went bathing. May was a bold swimmer, and dashed recklessly in the curling sea foam, and swam and floated about with the graceful abandon of a Nereid. Belle, with her long golden hair, confined in a net, looked none the less lovely; but the rough, tumbling waves filled her with terror; and although the embodiment of grace on shore, in the water she was awkward and ill at ease.

"Ah! if I could only swim like May," she murmured. "Stephen says I could, if I only had the courage. I will conquer my foolish timidity!" and making a bold dash, she struck bravely out on the rushing waves.

But her impulsive courage was swiftly followed by a paralyzing fear, and she felt a creeping sensation of horror and inertness steal over her. A great wave came rolling toward her; and as the fierce foam dashed over her, she screamed wildly for help. May Melton heard the cry, and saw the white arms thrown up in mute supplication; she knew that by a few vigorous strokes she could save her; but the evil fiend that she had nourished in her heart for the past few weeks now tempted her with overwhelming power; her wicked love for Stephen Leroy rose up with tenfold strength, and struggled the weak voice of conscience. Belle's lovely face, whose glamor had stolen from her the only love she had ever coveted, rose before her in all its pure beauty. "No—no; let her die!" was the cry of her heart.

Ah! did the struggle last a moment or an hour she never knew. But the good angel triumphed. She dashed wildly through the heaving wave, screaming for aid. Desperately she struggled to reach the drowning girl. Oh, heaven if she could be too late! And the waves, as they leaped around her, seemed to whisper, with cruel joy, "Murder! murder!"

With frantic energy, she darted through the waters, nearer, nearer. For the second time Belle's pallid face had sunk beneath the dark billows; and yet huge waves rolled between them. But others had heard her wild cry for succor at last; and soon she saw the white face of Stephen Leroy, ghastly in its horror, as he swept past her vaguely. She saw the gleaming head of Belle dash momentarily on the cruel waves, and was dumbly conscious of an agonizing instant of dreadful suspense as Stephen, too, disappeared.

But, joy, joy! he reappeared; and, in his stalwart arms hung the delicate form of Belle Burton. They struck out for the shore; May felt her strength leaving her; her ears rang with the moan of the sea; but one thought paramount in her brain upheld her. She reached the shore, and, almost breathless in intense emotion, staggered toward the limp, lifeless form that Stephen Leroy had just laid upon the sands. One glance at the ghastly face, circled round by a thousand ringlets of golden hair, a horrified stare at the pallid, despairing face of Stephen Leroy, and she cried, wildly, "Murder! murder!" and sank, shuddering, on the sand.

Oh, the terrible anguish of a mind oppressed and tortured by such remorse as May Melton felt! For the next three weeks she wandered in the tormenting phantasm of a delicious fever. She raved, and groaned, and wept; ever haunted by a supplicating voice that would not be hushed, and upbraided by a pair of sad, reproachful eyes that were ever present. Visions of Belle Burton, still and cold, would rise before her. Dead! and by her means! and although wrought to a frenzy of remorse, she could not turn her fascinating gaze from these dread chimeras of her imagination.

When reason once more returned to her, she found herself utterly weakened and helpless. For a few days everything was vague and uncertain. She could not remember what had happened; every effort of the memory dazzled and bewildered her. But at last the fatal event of that dreadful day became once more a festal reality. She battled with the fierce blood of anguish that surged within her until the little vitality which she had left seemed about to leave her. Oh, if she could only live that one brief moment over again! Vain, vain wish! But hark! through the open window on the breath of the summer breeze floats a sweet voice. Oh, can it be! And, almost suffocated with the tumultuous throbbing of her heart, she listens.

May heard like one in a dream. She sank back upon her pillow, and grateful, heartfelt tears of thankfulness fell from her overflowing eyes.

Relieved from the incubus of her terrible remorse, May soon recovered. She came forth from the fires of affliction humbled and purified; she became the firm, true friend of Belle Burton, and her wild, passionate love for Stephen Leroy she thrust remorselessly out of her heart. None ever suspected that the frenzied words uttered in her illness were aught but the tortured imagination of a fevered mind; but they wrought their chastening influence on her heart, never to be effaced.

Fun and Frolic.
Can girls who tell fortunes at night, by writing names on paper, be called slanderers?—No.
A sufferer complains that squeaking boots "murder sleep" in church.
What a difference it makes whether you put "Dr." before or after a man's name.
Editors ought to live cheap—they got "bored" for nothing.
Josh Billings says codfish are better than umbrellas to keep you dry.

It is said—ironically, perhaps—that blacksmiths forge and steal every day.
A Norfolk paper says there is a man in Norwich so ugly, that with six frowns he can kill a bulldog.
"What is pride, my son?" "Walking with a cane when you ain't lame, replied the intelligent boy."

When is a lady like a warrior of the olden time? When she knows how to handle a cross-bow (cross-bow).
Extract from the last French novel: "The countess fell back in a deadly swoon. When she revived her spirit had fled."
"Did you know that I was here?" said the bellows to the fire. "Oh yes, I always contrive to get wind to you," was the reply.
If a lady were threatened to be kissed by a gentleman, and she objected, what place near the coast of France might she name? Ubahut.

A man in Wisconsin has invented a pocket-stove warmed by alcohol. We have seen one of them. It looks very much like a pint flask filled with brandy.
An old lady gazing with astonishment upon an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper, "What kind of a beast is that eating hay with its tail?"
A Western paper contains two additions to the English language. These are full of accounts of how a party "festivited" recently, and of a trip of a "culpitness."

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.
A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's yellow hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," quoth an old bachelor; "it looks like twenty-four carats."
At a highland hotel, the following unique bill was presented to a gentleman who had made a few hours' sojourn at the establishment: "For eating yourself and horse four and thirpance."

A boy who heard the quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," wished to stop going to school, because he was afraid he should not live long enough to get past the dangerous point.
A subscriber writes to an editor in the West: "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replies, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did it's present length suits me very well."

A newspaper contains an account of the production of a new play, and says the audience "sat spell-bound. There were only four persons present. One was deaf, and the other three were asleep."
A doctor's wife once attempted to move her husband to tears. "Ann," said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and that's all."
"You say that the prisoner stabbed the deceased. Was it in the thorax, or in the abdomen?" "No, sir; it was in the street. I seed it with my own blessed eyes." "That will do. Call the next witness."
A judge recently stated, in behalf of a female witness whom a lawyer was cross-questioning as to her age, that a woman has a right to be of any age she pleased, because, if she stated her real age, nobody would believe her.
A good-natured traveller fell asleep in a train a short time ago, and was carried a few miles beyond his destination. "Pretty good jake this, isn't it?" said he to the fellow passenger. "Yes, a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.
Before temperance societies came into fashion, a person who had a very red face was one day rebuking his son for playing with gunpowder. "Gunpowder!" said he, "I will set my face against it." "Oh, father, do not for the world!" answered his son; "if you do, we shall all be blown up!"

Luck May Lie in a Pin.

Now I am going to tell you a story about Luck. All of us are acquainted with Luck; there are those who see her all the time, some only at certain times of the year, others only one single day—yes, there are people who only see Luck once in their life time; but all of us do see her.

I suppose that I need not tell you that when our Lord sends a little child here, He lays it in its mother's lap; this may happen in a rich man's castle, or in a workman's nicely ordered room; but then it may happen instead in an open market place, where the cold wind blows. But what every one of you do know, and yet is really true, is, that our Lord, when He places a child here, also sends along with it good Luck, which, however, is never placed near by, but is hidden in some spot on our globe, where we look for it least; and it is always found at last, and that is a comfort.

Luck once was placed in an apple; that was for a man whose name was Newton. The apple fell, and thus found his Luck. If you do not know the story, ask some one to tell it to you. We have another story to tell—a story about a pear.

There once lived a poor man, who was born poor, and had grown up poor, and was poor when he married. He was a turner by trade, and used to turn umbrella rings, but he only earned enough money by this to live from hand to mouth.

"I shall never find my luck," said he. Now this is a true story, which really happened. I could tell the name of the country and the place where the man lived, but that is of no consequence. The real and sour mountain ash berries blossomed and ripened around his house and in his garden, as if they were the choicest fruit; and in the garden stood also a pear tree, but it never had borne a pear, yet there Luck was placed in an invisible pear.

One night the wind blew terribly. In Ayrice, men said the great Dillig boulder had been lifted from the side of the road, and thrown down like a lump of clay, and so it was not at all wonderful that a big branch should have been broken from the pear tree. The branch was taken into the workshop, and the man turned out of it, just for fun, a big pear, and another big pear, then a smaller pear, and then several very small pears.

"The tree shall bear pears once at least," he said, and gave them to the children to play with.

There are some things that are necessities in life, and among these, most certainly in wet countries, are umbrellas. Now the whole family had only one for general use. When the wind blew very hard, the umbrella would turn over, and sometimes it would break; but the man quickly mended it again—that was his trade. With the button and string that kept the umbrella together, it went worse; would always break too soon, just as one was folding the umbrella up.

One day, when the button had broken again, and the man hunted in vain for it on the floor, he happened to get hold of one of the smallest pears, which he had turned, and had given to the children to play with.

"I cannot find the button," said the man, "but this little thing will answer." He pulled a small chord through it, and the little pear filled the place of the broken button beautifully; it was exactly right, and formed the best of fasteners. The next time he had to send handles and rings to the capital, he added to the number a few of the small wooden pears which he had turned. They were fastened to a few new umbrellas, which were sent with a thousand others to America. They have a quick understanding there of what is of use. The little pear was found to hold best, and the umbrella merchant gave orders that all the umbrellas to be sent to him after that should be fastened with the little wooden pear. Large orders were to be supplied, thousands of pears to be made of wooden pears on all umbrellas; and our man was kept busy at work. He turned and turned; the whole pear tree was used for little wooden pears, which brought skillings that grew into dollars.

"In that pear tree my Luck was placed," said the man; and soon after he had a great workshop, with plenty of women and boys to help him. Now he was all the time in good humor, and often used to say, "Luck may lie in a pin."

So also says he who tells the story, and you should know that it is true; and there is a proverb in Denmark, that if you put a white pin in your month you will be invisible; but it must be the right sort of a pin—one given by our Lord. I have had one of them; and whenever I come to America, the land of the New World, which is so far off yet so near to me, I shall always carry that pin with me. I can send my greeting over in a few minutes; the ocean rolls over to its shores; there the wind blows; any day I can be there when my stories are read, and perhaps see the glittering gold receive the ringing gold—the gold that is best of all which shines in the eyes of children, and comes ringing from their lips, and the lips of their parents. I am in the very room with my friends—and yet I am invisible. I have the white pin in my mouth.

Yes, Luck may lie in a pin.—*Riverside Magazine.*